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Written for The Watchman.

"Come Unto Me All Ye That Are Weary,  
And Are Heavy Laden, And I Will  
Give You Rest."

When I am weary,  
Faint, and sore oppressed,  
How sweet the bidding :  
"Come unto me and rest."  
Rest from earth's labors,  
Free from toil and care,  
Take up the sure reward  
That waits thee there.

If here below, thy work  
Has been well done,  
Enter thou in, and share  
The joys, my son—  
Prepared for thee ;  
This promise holdeth good,  
But yet by many,  
Is not understood.

For we to enter in,  
Must by our deeds—  
Of love, to those who  
Have been bound by creeds,  
Who cannot see the light,  
That glimmers thro'  
Which Superstition dark,  
Hides from their view.

Who fain would enter in,  
And be at rest—  
From life's dark billows,  
Where the foamy crest—  
So oft has near engulfed  
Them with its tears,  
And sorrow ever walked ;  
And hopes, and fears—

Alternate blended,  
Now with pitying cry,  
They ask a refuge ?  
Thou art ever nigh.  
For they are heavy laden :  
Thou art strong—  
To guide and guard them,  
Tho' the night be long.

And now me thinks  
I hear the loved ones say :  
"Thou hast been faithful,  
Night shall be as day,  
No more o'er thee,  
Shall darkest waters roll,  
'Enter thou in,' thy works  
Have made thee whole."

MARY E. VAN HORN,  
Milwaukee, Wis.

Written for The Watchman.

### "SHADOWS."

Prof. A. R. Wallace, F. R. S., of London, has been lecturing on "Darwinism," at the Lowell Institute, in Boston. He is a Scientist of high rank, and a pronounced Spiritualist.

It has been my pleasure to meet him at a seance at Mrs. Ross', where he was present. He is a fine-looking, white-haired man of 70, and impresses one as a gentleman and a scholar. No fussing, or putting on airs, but quietly observes—and when the seance was over, some things showed that he had no intention of being fooled, and he was not, and he made known the fact approvingly.

I do not propose writing about him, nor of the seance we attended, tho' both points would be interesting reading for Spiritualists. I have not time.

I have just been reading a report of Rabbi Solomon Schindler's sermon on "The Resurrection, and Immortality." He is a very able man, and has said many wise things in his late Theological Course of Lectures. He is a Jew, but quite a Rationalist, he reminds me, somewhat, of Felix Adler. I rather pitied him for his hopeless outlook with regard to a Future Life for man, and it makes me wonder what motive a man can have for being a Priest, or a Minister whose knowledge in the spiritual direction stops at the grave.

I read a passage in Prof. Wallace's Essay that was printed in many secular Papers, and Copy-righted some months ago. It was a very strong and sound Spiritualistic Article, and the passage to which I refer, was near the end of it, and it came prominently into my mind, and is very apt to when a Minister does not find the "Gates Ajar." It reads thus :—

"The Modern Philosophers can give no sufficient reason why we should practice the Virtues, if man is to be stilled and ended at death, but when the fact of a Future Life can be taught, not as set of dogmas on an unknown authority, but as being founded on discreet knowledge of a spirit world, the Virtues are logically in order."

The Reverend Agnostics, confessed,

or understood, can say eloquently : "Be virtuous and you will be happy," but every living man knows that platitudes, is only a "glittering generality," but if a human life is not a terminous at the grave, but as Victor Hugo says, that dark opening for the worn out body, "is not a blind alley, but is a thro'-fare opening out into the morning of a new day," then a man can preach the Virtues, and the hearers in their hearts can say, amen.

But let us quote, briefly, some of the "glittering generalities" from this discourse of Rabbi Schindler's, to which I have referred.

"In regard to our existence after death we know absolutely nothing. We may instinctively feel that death cannot end all, we may even anticipate new forms of life, we may reason that God who has planted the yearning in our hearts cannot deceive us, but all this does not supply a valid proof for our existence after death."

Again, he says :—

"Creative imagination may paint the glories of a Resurrection day in the most vivid colors—but the time of credulity is past, and in our Age of Reason, nothing can stand that is not supported by facts."

Well, we who are Spiritualists endorse the sentiment that "nothing can stand that is not supported by facts," but why are Ministers so blind to the facts on the point so easily within reach ?

The facts in the experience of Spiritualists, not only prove man's conscious survival of his body's dissolution, but throws its luster back, on what this Rabbi calls "creative imagination," or imaginings, and lifts superstitious fables into probable truths, explains the oddities of ancient celebrities into Wisdom ahead even of our Age, except to those who look at the Past thro' the Spiritualistic lens, Socrates, Augustine, Swedenborg, and others, are healed of their weak spots, their weaknesses were their strength, and we see celestial influences instead of mental deformities.

I think the great fact that settles this whole matter, is Intelligence. It is the Intelligence that is back of all the manifestations, that is the point of interest, and the only point of interest. Prove Intelligence that is disembodied,

and you prove a Future Life.

The ablest Minister in Boston, Rev. M. J. Savage, says, and I agree with him :—

"That one fact and one alone will prove the great claim of Modern Spiritualism, and that is, undoubted proof of the presence and activity of an Intelligence that is not that of any of the embodied persons present."

I have no question but Mr. Savage believes in Spiritualism as much as I do, and he has said all he dares to without identifying with our present unpopular body from a worldly standpoint : he likes, naturally, his popularity, and thinks, possibly, he could not carry his constituency with him. He saw that the great Joseph Cook, that found the pabulum for half the Ministers in New England, over-estimated himself when he came out boldly in favor of the "manifestations," and had to take the back track, to please his stubborn and stupid laity.

But I am spinning this out into twice the length I intended to ; so my snapper on the end of this Article is this, "Know all men by these Presents, &c.," that I have had that "one fact" of which Mr. Savage speaks, not only once, but many times.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

Boston, Mass.

### Agitators—Public Benefactors.

The great enemy of Knowledge is not error, but inertness. All that we want is discussion, and then we are sure to do well, no matter what our blunders may be. One error conflicts with another ; each destroys its opponent, and the truth is evolved.

This is the course of the human mind, and it is from this point of view that the authors of new ideas, the proposers of new contrivances, and the originators of new heresies, are benefactors of their species ; whether they are right or wrong is the least part of the question. They tend to excite the mind ; they disturb the public sloth.—Buckle.

—  
The TRUTH is "a fulcrum strong enough,"  
With its Banner unfurled ;  
The PEN is "a lever long enough,"  
For Man to move the World.



## THE WATCHMAN.

Written for The Watchman.

### FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Fifty years ago! Can you remember as long ago as that? asks my little grandson.

Oh, yes; and longer ago than that.

It is not the length of time that we look back at, but it is the awful doses that we had to swallow, in those old, by-gone times.

We took a dose of living hell-fire and brimstone, on Sunday, in a cold Church. And then, to cure the cold that we caught while we shivered in the Church, we children had to take a gallon, or so, of herb tea, or a teacupful of brimstone and old-fashioned molasses.

And I used to think that the brimstone hell, that the preacher described, could not be much worse than the huge pill, or the huge dose of Salts that was forced down my throat in about the same manner that the Church used to force its "Believe, or be damned," theory down.

Nowadays, we do not have to take any such infernal doses, either from the Pulpit, or at home. My little case of Homeopathic pellets has to be locked up in my desk, or I could not keep them from the little ones.

The Church gives us hell, now, in Homeopathic doses, also, but they do not need to lock up their *dry*, old pellets, for no one hankers after them. They have dropped the bell out, and they are very shy about trotting their devil out in sight as often as they used to, and they have quit on the "angry God" business, so that their pellets do not taste quite so bad; but still, *it is no go, no.*

One who is a *thinking person*, or one who has *ordinary reasoning powers* will not take a dose of *Theology*, as much as it is sugar coated.

A jail awaited a free thinker and a free talker then.

Now, a warm Lecture Hall, and a greeting awaits the man or woman who will proclaim to the world, the thoughts that strive for utterance from out the Soul of the man of to-day.

Warm hearts greet the man of to-day, who dares to proclaim to the world that he does not believe in a Personal God, nor in a mythical Jesus.

Crowds rush to meet an Ingersoll, and pay for the privilege of hearing him laugh and make light of the follies of the Past.

Newspapers, by the score, flaunt the Truth in the face of the old hypocrite, called the Pope at Rome.

Fifty years ago, R. G. Ingersoll would have occupied a cell in prison, and our liberal Editors would have rotted in jail—all in the name of the meek and lowly Jesus.

The world moves. And we who toasted our shins by the wood fire in the log house of fifty years ago, now sit over the furnace grate and read the news from Europe of yesterday; we who used to dig the clay out of our eyes and ears in the morning, where it fell from out the chinks of the old log house, can now open our eyes upon the well-papered room and finely furnished house of to-day; we who spoiled our eyes trying to read Bunyan, or the Bible by the light of a tallow dip, now read a liberal sheet by the light of heaven or Electricity; we who used to ride in a lumber wagon or a lumber Stage Coach, can ride

in a Pullman Drawing Room Car, fitted up in a style far superior to the Palaces of Kings, an hundred years ago.

Human life, on an average, is twenty years longer than it was fifty years ago; and Magnetic Healing has helped to lengthen this life—call it Christian Science, Mind Healing, the Power of God, or what you may, *the world can thank spirit force for all of it.*

Fifty years ago, a medium for spirit communion was called a witch. An hundred years ago, they were burned as witches.

To-day, a good medium is a respectable person, and as much thought of, and far better paid than the old-fashioned, hell-fired Preachers of "ye olden time."

Our Politics, as bad as they are, are not as bad as they were in the days of Washington.

The world moves, and is moving toward better things, to a higher plane of life on earth, to a plane nearer the spiritual.

Morally, we have improved, and to-day, we are more a moral people than we were fifty years ago. Our ideas of right and wrong are better defined, and "man's inhumanity to man," is gradually growing less.

Beliefs and Creeds and Dogmas, gave us a Calvin, a Pope, a Roman Church, an Inquisition Torture, the Faggot, the Scaffold, the Dungeon, and the Rack.

And what Unbelief has given, is thousands who are pure in mind and moral in character, and as warm hearted as the Summer Sun.

Infidelity gave us an Ingersoll, and a Paine; and it is fast giving freedom to the man, woman, and child of to-day.

This earth has for fifty years, and for only fifty years, been fit for man to dwell upon with any kind of freedom and pleasure. Fifty years more of Spiritualism, and it will be too good a world to leave.

Reason should be our guide, and the Golden Rule our every day text—"Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you"—that would make this world a Paradise.

Fifty years ago, we had to go to Church, or hide at home, on Sunday.

To-day, we go to the Church of the true God—out of doors, in the Parks, or fields; or, as the Christian would say, to the Sunday Theater and to the Devil; and we are all the better for it.

Not long since, I was in a Western Town where there was about twenty Churches, every one of them tanging a bell to call men to God, the Christian's mythical God—yet, the Christian laughs at the Heathen or Pagan who says his prayers with a bell or a machine, and then tangs a bell to call men to a God that says, "come, or go to hell."

The world of Humanity moves onward and upward, and drags the old Church up with it, but what a load it is. It hangs back like a millstone, a dead weight to hold us down, forever down.

Fifty years ago, not a Telephone, nor a Telegraph wire spanned our streets, and not a spark of Electric fire lighted our Towns; and fifty years ago, Spiritualism was not allowed to show its condemned head in sight of a Church.

To-day, Spiritualism is one of the Isms of the day. To-day, it is acknowledged that it is the coming glory. It comes with and in the Age of Steam, the Age of Coal, and of Iron. It comes just as soon as man can take it, and just as fast as he has powers to receive it. It comes with Telephones, and with Telegraphs, and Electric Lights; and man needs one just as much as he does the other. It comes to fill a long felt want. It comes because man needs it, demands it, must have it, cannot do without it. It comes in the name of Peace. It comes to Heal. It comes to us like the bright-winged Angel of Hope, to give us joy.

No cannon, no Bible hailed or heralded its coming. It came to us in silence, and gave us rest. It came upon the wings of the wind, and struck the finest-tuned strings of our over-joyed Souls.

It came not from out of the Church of the Christians' ever-living God, but it became a purifier of the Church.

It comes to me a solace to my declining years. It comes to me a Knowledge and a Truth; and when my spirit is borne from out of this old body, into the life eternal, may I then know more than even now, of the fact that man lives beyond the portals of the tomb.

J. W. DENNIS.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Written for The Watchman.

### Some of My Investigations of Spiritualism.

I have been an investigator of Spiritualism for the past twenty-five years. When I commenced to investigate, I was as big a skeptic as there was to be found, and, like most people who know nothing about Spiritualism, considered myself capable to judge of it, while, in fact, I was no judge at all—never having looked into the matter, how could I, or any one else, be fit to pass judgment on any subject we knew nothing of?

I concluded to look into the matter, and commenced to investigate with the tipping of a table, and the raps, and have followed it thro' the different ways of development up to the full-form materialized spirit.

My advice to skeptics, is this:—

Do not ridicule or deny the Phenomena, but investigate; do not be too hasty to condemn what you see or hear—weigh all, and hold fast to that which you can understand. What you cannot understand, keep to work at until you do, and follow on from step to step until you are educated up to the point where you can understand that Spiritualism is a fact, and that there is no death to the spirit of man—only death to the body.

Why do men and women constantly look forward to something better in days to come, if there is not something in man that tells him that there is something better to come to him in the Future?

I have been a medium for years, but did not know it until I began to investigate Spiritualism, then, I found that I could be impressed, and see things, or feel them, I can hardly tell which. I have told people of things that happened to them years ago, that I knew nothing of, and which had passed from their minds until I spoke of them.

If this is not from some spiritual source, where did it come from?

I am positive that I never heard of the incidents, for they happened to them years before I became acquainted with them.

I am reminded of a circumstance where I was in my back shop talking with four or five gentlemen, when I described to them what I saw in Connecticut. I first gave the name and age, and then described the man, his looks, clothing, and his horse that stood by his side. I also described his house, barn, well, and his wood pile, also his farm.

One of the gentlemen said: "You have described the man and his farm that I worked for when I was a boy."

Will some of those smart reporters tell me where or how I got that information, if it was not from some spirit who was well acquainted with the place?

I will say a few words about what I have done this Winter.

In November 1885, I hired two rooms and furnished them for meetings and for seances, and we had a fine, spiritual feast all Winter. I engaged Mrs. James A. Bliss, of Boston, to come here on Monday Evenings and hold seances for full-form materializing of the spirits, which has been a success—opening the eyes of many who, perhaps, never would have had the opportunity to investigate.

Mrs. Bliss was with us on March 31st, when we celebrated the 38th Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism, and we had a fine time.

I am sorry to be obliged to say that Mrs. Bliss went home and was taken sick with inflammatory Rheumatism, and was confined to her bed for 27 days, but I am happy to say that she has so far recovered her health, that she has commenced to hold her seances again with good results.

When she held her last seance here, I should say that from 25 to 30 forms came from the cabinet, ranging from three to six feet in height, many of whom were recognized by some one in the circle.

Now I have a few words to say to investigators:—

Do not be too hasty to see the spirit forms, until you have learned something of the Laws that govern the manifestations.

Most people who have never attended a seance, think that they can make any slurring remark that they like, and that it will be all the same.

This is a sad mistake. I have seen a seance spoiled by just one remark by one of these smart, ignorant persons who could not wait until the seance was over to express his opinions.

Now, when 20 or 30 persons pay their dollar each to go to a seance to see their spirit friends, no one of that party has a right, by his or selfishness, to deprive the others of the pleasure of seeing these friends, because they do not get satisfaction. The best way for all, is for each one to be a gentleman, or a lady in every sense of the word. To have good results come from the cabinet, the people in the circle-room must be harmonious.

Most investigators think that the medium is all there is to a seance for success. But it is not so. If there is any discord in the circle, it



## THE WATCHMAN.

is felt in the cabinet, even if it is only in thought. Many a time I have heard the spirits in the cabinet, tell persons on the further side of the room, what they were thinking of, or whispering about.

As long as these remarks are in harmony, all is well. But, should a spirit come out of the cabinet, and make one remark, that the spirit had on a mask, it would hurt the seance, so that but few except the cabinet spirits could come out: therefore, those who had paid their money, would be wronged, and not see their friends.

Now, this is no fault of the medium, but is the fault of the ignorant person who made the remark.

I have witnessed all that I have here described, and much more. These are facts that many who have had the same experience, can testify to. But it would take me a month to tell you half that I have seen in my investigations.

It amuses me to take up some of the Papers and see the reports of some of the self-conceited reporters' condemnation of all Spiritualists and Spiritualism—when, in fact, they are as ignorant about the matter as an unborn child, and, perhaps, more so. I suppose they are conceited enough to think that the people will think them smart, and thank them for it.

When will reporters learn to report facts to the world without adding dirty, slurring remarks about those who are their superiors in every sense of the word?

I once heard a reporter make the remark that one of our finest test mediums was "a clown," just because he spoke in broken English, when the medium was above the reporter, in every sense of the word.

But, with all the slurring that reporters can bring to bear on Spiritualism and Spiritualists, the Army still grows stronger from day to day.

I have helped to make more converts to Spiritualism in this City during the past Winter: than all the Churches have to Christianity.

A Spiritualist never backslides, as Church members do. Why? Because Spiritualism is a fact in Nature—once proved to be true, it can never be refuted.

I remain as ever a worker for truth.

GEORGE Y. NICKERSON.  
New Bedford, Mass.

Written for The Watchman.

### The Valley and Shadow of Death.

Hasten friends and do not dally,  
I'm nearing now the dismal valley  
Where death's black bird is brooding  
With sorrow drooping wings;  
And O! how lonely, lonely, lonely!  
As tho' I was the being only,  
To try the damps of this dark hour  
That drip from horrid things.

Aches, & pains, & stings of anguish;  
Sleepless, restless, faint, I languish;  
Longing for composure's calm to come  
& smooth my thoughts for prayer—  
I see the valley nearing nearer,  
And rolling death-chills come  
severer,  
And gloom is all my Soul can sense  
when once I enter there.

My eyes on all I love are closing!  
Sweet sense of sound my ears are  
losing!

And wrapt in dread's numb mantle  
I break from dear ones fond!  
But, Oh! celestial Zephyrs' sighing,  
Breathing on earth's embers dying,  
Bring flashing blazes from the light  
of Life that lies beyond.

Pure rays supernal gild the alley,  
That passes thro' cold death's dim  
valley,  
For the great black bird now lifts his  
wings & the solemn shadows rise;  
And then a sweetly warbled chorus  
From friends who've passed the  
vale before us,  
And death is in a twinkling changed  
to happy Life's surprise.

Around me crystal streams are  
flowing,  
Verdant slopes and bloom-blush  
glowing,  
And friendly hands to clasp my own  
as in the days of yore  
And lip to lip with Love's warm  
kisses

Fresh as infant-life now presses—  
"And why," my ardent Soul now cries,  
"was this not known before?"

O, this is Resurrection's Morning,  
New Life-beams with Immortal  
warming  
Send waning douts & dark shades forth  
to oblivion's thoughtless shore—  
And even now so very early  
The heavenly dews, cool, bright,  
and pearly,  
Baptize my spirit's thirsty sense to  
worship and adore!

And now to friends I've left I'm  
turning,  
And find them clad in grief's sad  
mourning,  
For the shadow o'er the valley's chasm  
is all that they behold—  
And Oh! how burning inspiration  
Longs to teach this great salvation—  
The knowledge of Life's glorious  
Truth that Nature's Laws unfold.

Cease this grieving, sobbing, sigh-  
ing—  
This trembling fear—this gloom of  
dying—  
And trust the Power who gave this  
Life, for that beyond the vale,  
Where not a flitting shadow enters,  
Nor fire, nor frost be our tormentors,  
But Peace in God's eternal Love o'er  
death's grim name prevails.

TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.  
Ellington, N. Y.

Written for The Watchman.

### FACTS.

Facts are what we want, and must  
have in every department of work.  
Spiritualism has been, and is now  
being sifted thro'ly, and good results  
are sure to come out of it.

Every true and honest medium tries  
and tests his or her own control, so as  
to be sure that they are not deceived.  
I do not believe there is a class of  
more earnest seekers for Truth, than  
the true, whole-souled Spiritualists  
and mediums.

The love of money sometimes spoils  
a true and grand mediumship, where  
one is blest with a wonderful gift.  
Oh! how I wish it might not be  
so, for in the end our dear mediums  
have to suffer, as well as our Cause.

I love my Spiritualism and my  
humble phase of mediumship, but, I  
must say, I am not in full sympathy

with that class of believers who wish  
to be in constant communion with  
our risen friends. We have a work  
to do ourselves, and let us not be  
afraid to be up and doing, even if it  
takes us out of our own ranks, some-  
times.

Our spirit friends enter in to do  
their work wherever they find an  
open door, and, sometimes, the condi-  
tions are not very pleasant for them—  
can we not try and follow their ex-  
ample, if duty calls?

On Sunday Afternoon, the Sectar-  
ian ladies of our Town and Fitchburg  
held a meeting at the Jail in Fitch-  
burg. I was invited to be one of the  
number, and to make remarks if I  
felt disposed. I hailed the opportu-  
nity with pleasure.

Oh, what a scene to one who wit-  
nesses such a scene for the first time!

As the hour of service arrived, 56  
men came marching in, men of all  
ages.

Where can our spirit friends be, if  
not with us in such a place as this?

The listeners were all men, the  
speakers all women. Each one ap-  
pealed to them in their own way, the  
way which they felt would best help  
to uplift them. Of course, my Sectar-  
ian sisters tried to lead them to Jesus,  
to have them give themselves up to  
God, to yield not to temptation, &c.

I addressed them differently, but  
my way called them my brothers, and  
God's dear children; I begged of  
them not to give up self, but to first  
of all help self, reaching out to every  
power of goodness for help to make  
them better. I tried, in thought, to  
carry them back to home, mother,  
wife, and children.

Strict attention was paid all thro'  
the meeting, and many of the men  
shed tears.

Now, I do not believe that God or  
the spirit world blessed any meeting  
held in any of our Churches, more  
than they blessed such an one as this.

I think the writings of Dr. Nor-  
man MacLeod and Mr. Emanuel  
Jones are a great help to your Paper.  
I often find many who get interested  
in their writings on Temperance and  
Reform who would not read the other  
matter first.

A very nice lady, a firm Orthodox,  
reading the Doctor's remarks on  
Temperance, in your August number,  
was so deeply interested in them that  
she read them over and over, and  
then read the rest of the contents of  
the Paper, and then said: "I do be-  
lieve I must take this little Paper."

For reasons, her heart was moved  
by the Temperance Question.

I gave her the Paper, and it will  
be read by the other members of her  
household. So the good work goes  
on. Let us help the angel world, as  
we so often call on them, and desire  
their help.

I was much pleased with Elmina's  
last remarks, they were interesting  
and instructive facts—and facts we  
want.

Let us try to do a work that can  
stand testing; also, try to draw  
around us a class of spirits that will  
bear it, and prove that we are not  
living above the clouds doing a vision-  
ary work—but a work that gives  
to the world Facts.

FANNY C. WILDER.  
Leominster, Mass.

Subscribe for THE WATCHMAN.

Written for The Watchman.

### TRANSFORMATION.

Out of to-day's haunting sorrow,  
Out of earth's drearish night,  
Into the joyous tomorrow,  
Into the heavenly light.

Out of the vain, hungry yearning,  
Filling my heart with despair,  
Into love's happy returning  
Answering all of my prayer.

Out of the unreal dreaming,  
Into the actual bliss,  
Out of the vague and unmeaning,  
Into complete consciousness.

Out of this clay molded prison,  
Into life glorious Space,  
Blest with unlimited vision,  
Crowned with God's tenderest  
grace.

GENA SMITH FAIRFIELD.  
Rockland, Maine.

Contributed to The Watchman.

### THE REQUEST.

You have asked me to write you a  
poem,  
Dear husband, and what shall it be—  
For in all this wide world there's no  
other  
I'd write for as gladly as thee.

Your request then I'll cheerfully  
answer,  
And I'll fashion it into a prayer,  
That many long years may be given  
And health and rich blessings you'll  
share.

May the love that you cherished when  
younger,  
For the girl that was common and  
plain,  
Grow brighter and purer and stronger,  
And hers may for you be the same.

May our children grow up as a bless-  
ing,  
And a staff to support us thro' life.  
Now this is my prayer and my poem—  
Is it dearer because I'm your wife?

MRS. W. S. MOORE.  
Stony Fork, Pa.

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\*\*\* See Advertisement on 11th page. \*\*\*

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# THE WATCHMAN.

## THE WATCHMAN.

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All letters of inquiry addressed to the Editor, must be accompanied with return stamps to ensure reply.

## EDITORIAL.

"The Habit of Sunday Stuffing."

This habit has grown to be common in our large Cities, where men live at a distance from their business places, and therefore take a light lunch every day during the week. When Sunday comes they have leisure for breakfast, and little exercise during the forenoon; then have a royal dinner at 2 o'clock, and perhaps lazy lounging and "lying off," as it is called, during the afternoon; they thus eat twice as much on Sunday as they do other days. The appetite is just as good as it would be if they were engaged in their ordinary occupations, but the needs of the system are not half so great when a person is idle as when he is actively or laboriously engaged in business, and the result is that Monday is a blue day to very many. It is a day of headaches and ill-feeling, and by Wednesday, perhaps, they get back into their normal track again, and by Saturday are ready for another stuffing on Sunday.—*Cuisine*.

We believe that Dyspepsia in City men originates, in nine cases out of ten, in the practice of over-eating and taking little exercise on Sunday.—*Phrenological Journal*.

We have selected the above for our subject because it is so applicable to our work of Reform.

Let us think for a few moments upon this subject of "Sunday stuffing," and even Monday and every-day stuffing: let us see if we each one are not in the habit of eating and drinking too much: let us see if the greater part of our bodily ailments are not due directly or indirectly to over-eating and over-drinking—let us stop and think. Having thought it out, we will not shut our eyes against the truth of it, but will, like men and women desirous of living up to the highest mark of Civilization, turn our attention to this all-important feature of life.

Nature designed that we eat to live: but most of us appear to live to eat with abnormal appetites. We crave what is injurious to our health—alike affecting our mentality. A diseased body can rarely possess a healthy, vigorous mind—there are exceptional cases, we admit, but the generality is what we are dealing with now.

How many of us, dear readers, can say that we eat to live, and not live to eat—that is, do we govern the cravings of our appetite? Do we study how much and what manner of food we may eat, and feel the greatest benefit therefrom?

Let us think; let us reason together; let us remember that what we eat and drink, make up the body we live in.

We put food into the stomach. The stomach is the physical dispensary: it prepares and sends out thro' the entire trunk of the body, the properties of what is put in there—if it is impure, unwholesome food, it sends that out, and the effect is seen.

If there is too much taken into the stomach at one time, there is more than the Gastric juices of the stomach can care for, and the surplus food in the stomach must wait over; and in waiting over, becomes impure—it undergoes a process of fermentation, and in place of being digested, it becomes a mass of poison, taking on the first stages of decay. This can remain in the stomach only a limited time; for the action of the stomach is to work over and expel, hence, the contents are forced outward, and the body and brain are fed.

Now, what becomes of this extra amount? Why, it is passed out of the stomach in an impure state, partially in the form of gasses, and partly in the form of a fetid mass—this, in turn, passing into the blood, generates poison, where it should give strength and nourishment.

Now, how many of us, kind readers, are in this condition? We may not really know that we, individually, are among the number—but let us see.

We are afraid there are but few of us who are entirely free from this habit of over-eating—if not of over-eating, then of eating too rapidly, of not allowing the saliva to well assimilate with the food ere it passes into the stomach.

We should clearly remember that to eat well, we should eat moderately—masticate well. If the teeth are poor, let the food remain in the mouth sufficiently long to be

well moistened with the saliva of the mouth. All food should be passed into the human stomach in the form of a salad; and the saliva of the mouth is the natural oil for the salad.

Do not understand us to mean that we should eat nothing but salads—that is not our meaning. We mean that we have, by nature, teeth and saliva to prepare all our food into salad or pulp ere it is passed into the stomach.

Let us practice eating more moderately—eating not one mouthful more after we feel that the cravings or sharpness of hunger are appeased. We should NEVER eat to that extent that we feel distressed in the stomach, or even a fullness of any kind. If any of us have been in the habit of eating abundantly, let us stop right now, and examine our condition: VIZ.:—

Have we habitual headaches after taking food? Are we distressed in stomach, chest, throat, or any part of the body? Are we mentally depressed? Do we feel more like lying down and taking a nap: or do we feel bright, clear-headed, cheerful, and free from pain, and any form of distress? Reader, study yourself and your children, and judge for yourself if there is too much eaten, or if what is eaten is taken into the stomach too quickly.

As regards the "Sunday stuffing," how true the assertion is! For many persons think because it is Sunday, that they must have a big dinner. The women folks must work hard that the stomach may be loaded down just to satisfy the fancy, or gratify a craving, morbid appetite.

And when the Festal Days come, 'tis said; we must "eat, drink, and be merry."

We can heartily endorse the moderate eating and drinking, and the happy and merry side of these Festal times. Yet, the most of us are apt to forget our health, when we see so many tempting goodies set before us—yet, 'tis never too late to mend.

Let us endeavor in future to be watchful over our appetites—eating and drinking in all due moderation and with discretion.

Let us see! The infant stomach in its natural, healthy state, will hold but a few teaspoonfuls, yet, how often does the nurse, or the mother apply the nourishment to the little one. At every fret and cry the child is led, coaxed, and forced to eat, until the milk is forced out of the mouth. Baby is too full to breathe, too full for any thing but sleep—Nature's great restorative. And were it not that Nature works in her marvelous manner and throws off the extra food that is forced upon the body, the body would give out much earlier than it now does. But bountiful Nature has prepared herself for any emergency that blundering intelligence may impose upon her; but, even, with all her facilities of relief, she cannot hold out against the continued practices of violation of her Laws, and hence, distress, disease, and death is the finale.

But to return to the child and its stomach—what becomes of the surplus amount that is put into the little stomach, if the stomach will hold but a few teaspoonfuls as you say, say our readers?

Well, we will tell you. The stomach is so constructed that it can enlarge or expand to meet the demand of any undue encroachment thereon. In the first place, when the stomach is over-full, the walls of the stomach gradually enlarge—it will enlarge until it reaches its limit, and then the spleen is called into action to supply vitality to the stomach; when the stomach is no longer capable of holding more, and the supply is kept up, and the child still urged to eat, or nurse, then the fluid refuses to go down, and it runs out of the mouth—and the ignorant nurse says, "the child is healthy because it throws up its milk." Remember this: Nature rebels against overcrowding, and has taken this means of relieving herself—that is the only sign of health there is in the throwing up of the milk.

Now, what has this over-eating to do with men and women? Answer. It has all and everything to do with



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us. First, if we are over-fed while small babes, (which we nearly all have been), our stomach has, from the first few months of our life, been subject to enlargement, and as we grow older we feel the demand to fill up the stomach to its fullest extent—in childhood this is allowed and even encouraged, and the child eats twice as much as it is capable of making use of. All the surplus food is a detriment to the constitution, and creates stomach worms, and diseases of various forms. Yet, Doctors say: "Give the children all they can and will eat, they are growing, and need it."

Yes, they truly do need enough nourishing food to send strength out to build and support the growing body and brain.

But stop! Let us use judgment and caution. Let us see if four ounces of the purest, richest, most nutritive food is not worth, in nerve and muscular value, eight ounces of poor, weak, chaffy food. Let us see if it isn't *quality*, and not *quantity* that the stomach needs in order that the brain and body be properly nourished.

Experience and study have taught us that it is *quality*, and not *quantity* alone that does the work of nourishing the body.

Well, we have followed the child until he or she has arrived at the age of, say, ten years; now we will watch him or her up to the age of maturity; and we find that from the early enlargement of the stomach, and from the habitual filling of the enlarged organ, the stomach has finally become abnormally enlarged, and is in a diseased state—altho' there may not be any visible signs other than headaches, nausea, and bilious turns, and, sometimes, water-brashes, and gas. Yet all this while there has been going on a silent, yet effective poisoning of the blood, which is the result of over-eating, and the food lying in a decomposed state until passed from the body. All these years the system has been gradually weakened instead of strengthened by its food.

Nature is a wonderful master, she will make use of the best that is given her, and in this result she extracts all the good that she can find from what food there is taken into the stomach; and where there is too much to draw from, she takes the best, and turns the surplus to a secondary account—the surplus food becomes stock for parasitical life (worms and disease germs) to breed in and feed upon until, as the body grows in years, first one form of disease and then another is felt creeping thro' the system, tape-worms are grown, stomach worms are in abundance, and even the pesky little torments, the pin-worms are making ravages upon the human system.

Our readers may say, "O! what a picture you draw for us—how perfectly horrible it is!"

Yet, we will answer you and say—it is the true state of the condition of nine-tenths of the Civilized Race of to-day.

There are more deaths and more hereditary diseases caused by over and improper eating and drinking, than by hard labor and starvation.

It is astonishing to realize how small a quantity of food the human system can thrive upon, and accomplish a good day's labor, either mentally or physically.

Let the food be of the very best quality, well-cooked, if cooked at all; by that, we mean that some kinds of food if eaten raw, are wholesome and give the proper supply to the blood; other kinds of food are not palatable raw, and are best cooked. But remember that—

**ALL COOKED FOOD SHOULD BE WELL DONE.** As the process of cooking alters the properties of the food, and if but partially cooked, it is rendered more liable to early fermentation, and, hence, less digestible when taken into the human stomach.

As we were saying—let us see to it that the food is of the best quality—be watchful, if possible, of adulterated food.

There is much adulteration of food-stuff, which causes impure blood and impaired health.

Learn to detect these things. See to it that your food is properly prepared; that the utensils are never allowed to corrode.

### NEVER USE COPPER FOR COOKING PURPOSES.

Copper is corrosive, and imparts corrosive sublimes to the stomach. Use as little tin to cook in as you can afford.

Iron, Fire-clay, and White Porcelain, are the purest and most proper utensils to prepare food in for human stomachs.

*Under no consideration use Tin, or Copper, where Acids are employed, such as preserves, and pickles, tea, and kindred articles of food.*

Tins are cheap, and the housewife thinks she is saving to cook in them, but they are not advisable—they serve to impart a poisonous acidity to the already acid ingredients cooked therein.

Tomatoes are highly acid, and should *never* be cooked, nor confined in tin. Every time a Tomato-can is in sight, we are reminded of so many dishes of poison. Tomatoes are only fit for food when fresh from the vines, or when confined in glass, or earthen-ware—even iron-ware will impart an added acidity to Tomatoes.

We might go on enumerating many examples of this kind—but we will wait: and if any of our readers have any questions on Food and Drink that they wish to submit to us for consideration and advice, we will cheerfully give answers to them, thro' the Columns of THE WATCHMAN. Let us hear from you, readers, if you feel so to do.

But about the stuffing, either on Sunday, or other days. Let us not forget that it is both injurious and unrefined. Let us "eat to live," and not live to eat. Let us encourage the mingling together of friends and families on every available and practical occasion. Let us endeavor to be as free from restraint as possible, but, at the same time, to refuse food when offered to us, if we have eaten all we require, not what we have been accustomed to, perhaps, but what our best Judgment and Reason tells us is healthfully sufficient for us. Let us encourage the social board, turning the occasion to gaiety, mirth, and refined witicism, in place of the too often scenes of actual gluttony and hoggishness.

We are reminded of an event which occurred to us about 18 years ago. We had been in the habit of dining often at a friend's house, at the much-delighted-in, weekly "Sunday stuffings." The gentleman and father of the family appeared to feel that the greatest kindness he could do his friends, was to stuff them with every good thing the early markets might afford—so we was bountifully supplied and stuffed. This went on for some time, we, at such times, arising from the table feeling that the body was a burden to the Intellect. We, invariably, had an attack of indigestion, altho' slight, yet it was not pleasant. However, time passed on, and, as usual, we met for the "Sunday stuffing" and social company.

It is said that all things have an ending: and it was literally so, in this case. It happened in this wise:—

We was sitting at the table enjoying a good dinner, and had eaten a full supply, enough, all the appetite craved. There were many other goodies waiting to be attacked, and the host was *piling* them on, so to say. He was *urging us to eat*. All of a sudden, as if something came over us, a feeling of repulsion rose uppermost in our mind. We waited awhile, not eating any more; then the host remarked, "Don't lose your appetite; have some more ———?" (Naming a special dish that we was very fond of.) Again, that strange feeling of repulsion and disgust ran thro' our whole being. Turning to the host, we said, (calling him by name), "———, I cannot."

Those two words were all, but they expressed it all. They came from the Soul's conviction that we had already eaten enough, and the Soul revolted against being imposed upon, and cried out in self-defense.

That one experience has been sufficient to last us all

these 18 years.

We have never since then, gone beyond the limit of eating, no matter how much a viand might be craved; no matter how much others might urge, we have always felt a rising up within, when tempted to over-eat: and a sense of disgust, when witnessing others bolt down their food regardless of quality, quantity, or of conditions.

This experience of so long ago served us well, for it has led us to study into the Laws of Eating and Drinking. And we feel that if this subject was better understood by the people in general, and practically carried out, the Human Family would be healthier, happier, and live longer.

It is said that "the American Nation is a Nation of gluttons."

However this may be, we are well aware that, to a great extent, human beings, in general, *do* eat and drink to an unwarrantable extreme.

Let us, kind readers, strive, all that is in our power, to bring about a reform in the Customs of Eating and Drinking.

Let us begin with self and family, and while doing so, let Reason and practical good sense be our guide. If we find that certain things are not beneficial to us, let us find the *cause* and *remedy*, if possible.

This is a subject that calls for careful investigation.

True; we are subject to our surroundings, but we can, each and all, strive to do the best under existing circumstances. We can, at least, eat more moderately, and be watchful that we eat not too much.

Custom has such a hold upon us, that we persuade ourselves that we really need, what, with careful study and reform of diet, will show us was not necessary, but was positively hurtful.

We shall be glad to hear from some of our readers on the above subject. H. A. BERRY.

We hear glowing reports of Maud E. Lord's mediumship, in Denver City, Colo. Maud E. Lord is coming East from California. If you want a treat of spiritual manifestations, visit the Circles of Maud E. Lord, and you will get it.

Parties will do well to secure her services when they can.—EDITRESS.

### TO ADVERTISERS.

THE WATCHMAN is a good medium to ADVERTISE in, and why? *First*—Because it is well circulated both in America and Europe. *Second*—Because it is a clear, well-printed Paper. *Third*—Because we take good care to have each Advertisement appear to the best advantage in our Columns; and thus make it a prominent feature of the page, and, consequently, it will attract the attention of each reader.

☞ Subscribe for THE WATCHMAN.



## THE WATCHMAN.

### CORRESPONDENCE TO THE WATCHMAN.

By Mrs. MINERVA MERRICK, Quincy, Ill.,  
Formerly Publisher of

#### A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

The publication of "A Fountain of Light," as a Periodical, is discontinued. Bound copies of Vol. 1, containing 832 pages, can be obtained of Mrs. Minerva Merrick, Quincy, Ill., at 66 cents each. Remit by Postal Note, Money Order, or 1-cent and 2-cent Postage Stamps.

### INSANITY.

We saw an extract from the New Orleans Picune, giving statistics in relation to Insane Asylums. It testifies that there are \$40,000,000 invested in Lunatic Asylums in the United States, and more needed, as Insanity is increasing.

Will each reader of THE WATCHMAN please to throw into the treasury of Reform, two mites of influence to help to eradicate the errors of Superstition.

Those self-exalted minds who thank their God that they are not like other men, they multiply prayers, have solemn meetings, send missionaries to Foreign Lands to teach creeds and dogmas, but have repudiated the lessons taught in the Scriptures.

Now, Ministers, Doctors, Lawyers, Evolutionists, Materialists, Scientists, and hosts of others are all throwing stumbling blocks in the way of the grand Army of Progress that is now in the field of Mental Action, contending with ignorance, prejudice, and oppression.

Friends in sympathy, buckle on your armor and march to the front—do not hide behind trees and stumps, but step out boldly and show your colors.

It is in vain for the hosts of opponents to strive to overcome the progress of Humanity.

We shall open the doors of Asylums, Jails, and Penitentiaries, and let out sane people.

All the Christian people are very industriously working for, and claiming to love Jesus and God.

The Book lessons say:—

If you do not love your Brothers whom you have seen, how can you love God whom you have not seen?

Now, if you do not work for your Brothers whom you have seen, how can you work for Jesus whom you have not seen?

If Spiritualists will work in the Cause, and whatsoever they find to do, do it with all their might, in a few years they will see the results of their labors—the Insane will be restored by Natural Laws, and Asylums will be Institutions where Natural Laws will be taught.

Every City will build an Asylum for the Insane of that City, where Committees can visit, weekly, and know the condition of the patients.

Jesus taught his pupils to cast out evil spirits. There were others casting out evil spirits, also, and his pupils saw them, and told Jesus they forbade them, because they were not walking with them. And Jesus told them that those who were not against them, were for them.

If a Magnetic or spiritual Healer was to ask the privilege to cast the devil out of a person, those in authority would not allow him to see the patient.

The time is coming when man will

understand the Laws of Life, and administer them with fidelity and benefit to suffering Humanity.

All who are in harmony on the subject of healing by natural Law, as Jesus taught, please agitate the question, as it is the most important subject before the minds of earth.

All crimes and drunkenness are forms of Insanity.

A sane mind is a perfect mind, and it will not commit crimes.

Insanity corresponds with a contagious disease in the atmosphere—those subject to the disease will take it, and those in a clear, healthy condition, will escape.

The spirit world of Intelligence or fourth dimension of Space becomes pestilential with the emanations from undeveloped and Insane minds in that Sphere from which we draw our inspiration according to our condition.

We have been hoping that some competent person would advocate treating the Insane by spiritual Healers, laying on of hands, Mind-cure, or by any method that would relieve Humanity from suffering.

We have opened a correspondence with a sane man in an Asylum, and have made a favorable impression on his mind in regard to healing Insane patients.

We asked him for a synopsis of his opinion concerning the gifts of healing mentioned in 1 Cor. XII, and of the inter-communion of the spiritual and material worlds.

He said:—

"As for myself, while never much of a believer in things supernatural, and doubting the possibility of spirit communication, I am open to Reason.

"The Human mind is a wonderfully mysterious thing, and many of its manifestations are but little understood; but I have always doubted that it could receive communications from the unknown world.

"If you can tell me how to obtain these truths, do so, and let me investigate."

Men who are willing to investigate a subject by the light of Reason, will succeed in deciding its value.

The reason that some do not succeed in discovering the truth, is, because they do not use their Reason—they go to the seance to detect fraud, instead of to discover the grandest subject that has been revealed to man.

One evening, recently, a medium came in to sit with us—she is a discernor of spiritual things, something like Mrs. Maud E. Lord—she said:

I see a tall man with a high, broad forehead, dark complexion, rather heavy eye-brows, eyes a little sunken, the lower part of the face narrower than the forehead; I think he is in earth life; and his Magnetism almost takes me off of the chair.

The next evening we inquired, mentally, if the mind could see by the light of Reason, beyond what it has been taught, and was answered in the affirmative.

We present this experience, and when the truth of the vision is confirmed, we will inform you of the result.

MRS. MINERVA MERRICK.

Send for photograph of Spirit WHITE FEATHER, PEACE BIRD, as a magnet of Spirit power. Price 50 cents. Address

H. A. BERRY, Editress, 1090 Central Park Ave. Millard Postal Station, Chicago, Ill.

### Cruelty—Some of its Variations.

We have prepared our sieve, and will sift out the chaff, and see if we can find one good grain of love to Humanity in this thing called cruelty.

A few years since, I had an experience in releasing an old Physician from jail. He was incarcerated under suspicion of being an abortionist, and was confined for the crime of murder, and, for that reason, I had much difficulty in giving a Bond for his appearance at Court.

I was visiting a poor blind woman. Her daughter had written me a letter asking me to come and see her mother, and that was how I came to be there. And they said:—

"Do you know old Dr. Park?"

I answered, "No."

Then they told me that Dr. Park was a good man, that he doctors the poor people and furnishes medicine without price, and does many other good deeds: and that his wife was paralyzed, and in great need of sympathy.

I went to the jail, and as he came forward to shake hands with me, he said:—

"I am as innocent as a child, and my family is suffering, my wife has had a paralytic shock."

After some further conversation with the Doctor, I went to see his wife, and found her in bed, helpless; I gave her Magnetic treatments during the time it took to release her husband: and she said the treatments cured her.

I succeeded according to my earnest desires or prayers of the Soul, yet I did not ask the Father of the heavens and of the earth to take the good man out of jail, but succeeded in doing so by using the proper legal means in co-operating with the principles of love and mercy.

It was thought that there was another Doctor implicated in the affair, and he ran away into Iowa, fearing that he would be arrested and incarcerated.

The Chief of Police was sent after him, and found him—but the Chief was bought out for \$200, and when he returned to Quincy, he said it was not the right man, but was his brother, so the Doctor skipped over to California.

Then there was a reward of \$500 offered to find him and punish him, and as the Chief knew just where he went, he soon had him jailed, and had a pocket full of money.

The jailed Doctor wrote me a nice letter, requesting me to come and speak to him.

I saw him, but I could not sign a Bond for him, as I was afraid that he would not appear at Court and be tried according to Law.

In three weeks they were both tried, and found "not guilty" of the offense.

When we were in the jail, as we walked thro' the dark passage lighted by lamps at noonday, I had a chance to say to the Lawyer:—

"Why did you not give \$500 to find the man who was the cause of this commotion—the man who betrayed the girl that was operated upon—the Commandment is, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery'?"

Now, you may perceive the result of transgressing the Laws of God, and trying to execute man-made Laws, between which there is a wide gulf.

It appears that the main object in their vigilance in executing the Law, was money, and they made a profitable haul.

It cost Dr. Park \$400, and the other Doctor, \$800; the Policeman gained \$500 from the County, and \$200 from the Doctor.

I understood that the woman was examined before burial, then they dug up the body, examined it, and buried it again, and, after all, there was not anything to make a fuss about.

This is a disagreeable subject, and to some it may seem worthless—but I gained much happiness by bestowing, in a friendly manner, my sympathy and pity.

I had visited Mrs. Park often, and she always met me with a glow of gratitude that entirely outweighed the benefit I bestowed upon her and her husband.

Mrs. Park was a small, delicate woman like a withered flower late in Autumn. There was a loving sympathy between her husband and herself. He would wait upon and tend her as tenderly as tho' she was an infant. And I am certain that he was a good man, and well deserving of all that I have ever done for him and his wife.

Those two aged people, the Doctor and his wife, are both in the spirit realm now, and have made themselves known to me in spirit.

MRS. MINERVA MERRICK.

Man is a spirit, and walks about in a Materialized body, and at the proper time it dematerializes, and the spirit is born unto another Sphere of existence or circle, and moves in the same, until it desires to break from it and be free from the errors of one Sphere, and enter another.

The future life is Progression: we being sparks from the great Center of Life—the Sun of the Spiritual World which fills all Spheres of existence with rays of Life, Intelligence, Thoughts, and Ideas, by which man inspires his life.

Being born under a cloud, Mankind cannot see from whence they came, nor where they are going, nor understand those Inevitable Laws by which all things are governed. If man is willing to receive, these things may be revealed to him.

The great Problem of Life: "If a man die, shall he live again?" has not been proved, satisfactorily, to Mankind, in general. But millions, to-day, know the fact.

It has been demonstrated to the natural senses, and we know where we are going; and feel perfectly satisfied that we can never die.

Man is a spirit, but the destroying of the physical body, does not annihilate the spirit.

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Give thy time and energies to the greatest objects which thou canst attain: thou canst never become too great, if that greatness consists in nobility of Soul—the grand achievements of wonderful victories over selfish motives, over the siren tempter which comes with honeyed words, but retains the poisoned cup for the last.

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# THE CELESTIAL ARMY.

I stood by the open casement  
And looked upon the night;  
I saw the West-ward going stars  
Pass slowly out of sight.

Slowly the bright procession  
Went down the gleaming arch,  
And my Soul discerned the music  
Of their long triumphal march;

Till the great Celestial Army,  
Stretching far beyond the Poles,  
Became the eternal symbol  
Of the mighty march of Souls.

Onward! forever onward,  
Red Mars led down his clan,  
And the Moon, like a mailed maiden,  
Was riding in the van.

And some were bright in beauty,  
And some were faint and small;  
But these might be, in their great  
height,  
The noblest of them all.

Downward! forever downward,  
Behind the earth's dusky shore,  
They passed into the unknown night—  
They passed and were no more.

No more! O say not so!  
And downward is not just;  
For the sight is weak, and the sense  
is dim,  
That looks thro' heated dust.

The Stars and the mailed Moon,  
Tho' they seem to fall and die,  
Still sweep with their embattled lines  
An endless reach of sky.

And tho' the hills of death  
May hide the bright array,  
The marshalled Brotherhood of Souls  
Still keeps its upward way.

Upward! forever upward,  
I see their march sublime,  
And hear the glorious music  
Of the conquerors of Time.

And long let me remember  
That the palest, fainting one  
May to Divine vision be  
A bright and blazing Sun.

J. BUCHANAN READ.

## Comments.

Editor of The Watchman:—

Having a number of THE WATCHMAN sent to my address, I return many thanks—would say, I am pleased with the Reformatory, Progressive movement—Brave utterances of Truth.

The spirit message from Etta Young ought to be echoed thro' all Creation, in thunder tones. Especial ly to Ministers, who are leaders of the blind, causing the sin of ignorance to augment in clouds of darkness till their crime of murder of innocent babes, is committed without a thought of the terrible consequences! Thus creating a Race of murderers who bring gloom and misery on this beautiful earth.

Permit me to suggest to you a thought. It may be radical and somewhat new. I will cite from the first Chapter of Genesis:—

Man was created in the image of God—Male and Female.

Now, why is it that the Motherhood of God is ignored, and three males institute I instead?

Wisdom, the Feminine in Deity, was ever with him, acting, rejoicing,

blending, planning, executing, soothing in tenderness and mercy. These eternal powers co-operating for the elevation of Humanity—Christ was dual, but his first advent was a manifestation to man. His second advent, in the Feminine, was to be the glory of man, and the holy angels. Also, his own and his Father's.

I claim that he has manifested his power in his second advent in a chosen Female medium; who prepared for his appearing in agonizing prayers, constant watching, fasting, and trust. Her power of discernment of spirit, and conviction of sin, she bore, made the most hardened sinner to fear and tremble in her presence.

The powers of evil were aroused, and she was incarcerated in England for fourteen days, without sentence, except what was given thro' a key insertion of the prison door. In this condition she received divine revelation, which manifested the cause of man's degradation, and the remedy.

I wish I could banish the clouds and selfish traditions of man, and let in a ray of light from the Eternal Mother in Deity, who can fill Immensity with joy unvoiced!

Was there ever anything brought forth without Feminine travail?

This capacity exists only with Feminine. The Eternal Mother is being manifested here and there. Wisdom is teaching excellent things. Continence and purity of thought. A spiritual influx from her Sphere of love, gentleness, and compassion is being revealed. O, may all open their hearts and receive her mandates. She will impart chastity and continence, which will raise Humanity to exalted conditions; where her beauties will give a halo more glorious than the rainbow.

O, listen to her soothing voice, she is calling the sons and daughters of men to partake of her joys, and enjoy the Mother in Deity, with the Father.

O, spread the joyful news; sing praises for the essence of chastity and continence she gives.

OLIVE F. CHANDLER.

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Millard Postal Station,

Editor of *The Watchman*, CHICAGO, ILL.

All advertisements must stand on their own merits.